Which breathde this poyſon.
King. Rage muſt be withſtood,
Giue me his gage, Lions make Leopards tame.
Mowb. Yea, but not change his ſpots, take but my ſhame
And I reſigne my gage my deare deare Lord.
The pureſt treaſure mortall times affoord,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation, that away
Men are but guilded loame, or painted clay;
A Iewell in a tenne times bard vp cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyall breaſt:
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.
King. Coosin throw vp your gage, do you beginne.
Bul. O God defend my ſoule from ſuch deepe ſinne,
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-fallen in my fathers ſight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my height,
Before this out-darde daſtard: ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parlee, my teeth ſhall teare,
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.
King. We were not borne to ſue, but to commaund,
Which ſince wee cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie as your life ſhall anſwere it,
At Couentry vpon Saint Lambards day,
There ſhall your ſwords and launces arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſettled hate,
Since wee cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors chiualrie:
Lord Marſhall, commaund our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home alarmes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Ducheſſe of Gloceſter.
Gaunt. Alas the part I had in Woodſtocks bloud,
Doth more ſollicite me then your exclaimes,

To